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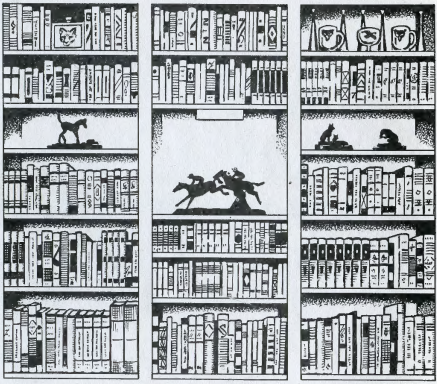

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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

# A SKETCH

OF THE

# *Life and Eccentricities*

OF THE LATE

## MR. LUMLEY KETTLEWELL,

OF THE

## City of York:

Who, with the Manners of a Gentleman delighting in the Sports of the Field—a Competency sufficient for their Enjoyment—a Practical Knowledge of every Requisite essential thereto—a Constitution peculiarly adapted for the Chase, &c.—possessed of

**BLOOD HORSES—GAME DOGS—**

*And MANOR of his own—*

Refused both to his Live Stock and to himself Sustenance necessary to support Animal Existence, and to keep "*Life and Soul together.*"

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COMPILED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES OF INFORMATION AND PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE WITH THIS VERY EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER,

BY

EDWARD PECK.

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York:

*Printed by J. Wolstenholme, for the Publisher; and Sold by all the Booksellers in the City and County.*

1821.

I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I was: nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice.
Then you must write
Of one that lived not wisely, *nor too well*,
Perplex'd in the extreme,
Albeit unused to the melting mood.—
Set you down this.

*A VERY short summary of the peculiarities of this locally well-known character having been inserted in the Monthly Magazine for October*, 1820, *which however true in the abstract, is defective in particulars; the publisher of this narrative has been induced to revive the intention he had at the period immediately subsequent to his decease, but which for minor reasons were laid aside: yet as it may yield some gratification to those who knew him, and seems to be expected by many very respectable friends, it is now presented in hope of a favourable reception. The advantage which accrues to the reader of narratives of this kind, arises principally from the incidental remarks which spring from the leading subject, but which are not known because not promised in the title—where such are introduced, a hope is entertained that they will be found relevant and suitable to the matter of fact which calls them into notice.*

With grief and pity we survey
His time and judgment thrown away
And cash profusely squander'd there,
In idle schemes beneath his care.

How much might skill and common sense,
If well improv'd (at less expence,)
Have rais'd him from this grov'ling fate,
A useful member in the state.

*The notice to which this alludes is thus given in the Obituary :—*

## Singular Character.

*" The beginning of the year* 1820, *closed the singular life of Lumley Kettlewell, Esq. of Clementhorpe, near York. He died of wretched voluntary privation, filth, and personal neglect of himself, in obscure lodgings in the street called the Pavement, (whither he had removed from his own house a little while before) about seventy years of age. His fortune, his manners, and education, had made him a gentleman ; but from some unaccountable bias in the middle of life, he renounced the comforts of the world, for the life of a hermit.—(*" Degere more feræ.")—*His person was delicate, rather below the middle size, and capable of great exertion and activity. His countenance, singularly refined and scientific, reminded you of a French Alchymist of the middle ages. His dress was mean, squalid, tattered, and composed of the most incongruous garments ; sometimes a fur cap with a ball-room coat, and hussar boots ; at another time, a high crowned London hat, with a coat or jacket of oil-skin, finished off with*

*the torn remains of black silk stockings, and so forth. His manners were polished, soft, and gentlemanly, like those of Chesterfield, and the old Court. Early in life, he shone in the sports of the field; and he kept blood horses and game dogs to the last; but the former he invariably starved to death, or put such rough, crude, and strange provender before them, as that they gradually declined into so low a condition, that the ensuing winter never failed to terminate their career, and their places were as regularly supplied by a fresh stud. The dogs also were in such a plight that they were scarcely able to go about in search of food in the shambles or on the dunghills. A fox was usually one of his inmates, and he had Muscovy ducks, and a brown Maltese ass, of an uncommon size, which shared the fate of his horses, dying for want of proper food and warmth. All these animals inhabited the same house with himself, and they were his only companions there; for no mortal, i. e. no human being, was allowed to enter that mysterious mansion. The front door was strongly barricadoed within, and he always entered by the garden, which communicated with the Clementhorpe fields, and thence climbed up by a ladder into a small aperture that had once been a window. He did not sleep in a bed, but in a potter's crate filled with hay, into which he crept about four o'clock in the morning, and came out again about noon the following day. His money used to be laid about in his window seats, and on his tables, and, from the grease it had contracted by its transient lodgment in his breeches pockets, the bank notes were once or twice devoured by rats. His own aliment was most strange and uninviting: vinegar and water his beverage;*

*cocks' heads with their wattles and combs, baked on a pudding of bran and treacle, formed his most dainty dish; occasionally he treated himself with rabbits' feet: he liked tea and coffee, but these were indulgencies too great for every day. He read and wrote at all hours, not occupied with the care of the aforesaid numerous domestic animals, and with what he called the sports of the field. His integrity was spotless; his word at all times equal to a bond. His religion was what is commonly understood by the "religion of nature;" he attended no place of worship; nor would he, without great effort and much reluctance, vote at the City and County Elections. But when he did, it was always in support of the candidate most favourable to the cause and rights of the people. "Never vote for the ministerial members," he used to say, "the King and the great men will always take care of themselves." He used to carry about with him a large sponge, and on long walks he would now and then dip it in water, and soak the top of his head with it, saying, it refreshed him more than food or drink. He admitted no visitor whatever at his own house; but sometimes went himself to see any person, of whose genius or eccentricity he had conceived an interesting opinion; and he liked, on these visits, to be treated with a cup of tea or coffee, and the use of books, with a pen and ink; he then sat down close to the fire, rested his elbow on his knee, and almost in a double posture, would read or make extracts of passages peculiarly striking to him, which he would have continued till morning, if allowed. His favourite subjects were the pedigree of blood horses, the writings of free-thinkers, chemistry, and natural history."*

*Dr. Goldsmith, in his excellent Essays, entitled "The* Citizen *of the* World," *has this observation :—*

*"The discontented being who retires from society, is generally some good-natured man, who has begun life without experience, and knew not how to gain it in his intercourse with mankind."*

*How far it may be applied to the subject of this Sketch, is a matter of uncertainty; for good nature assuredly implies humanity, which is quite at variance with cruelty in every respect.*

*The following sentiments on this subject are those of the celebrated poet,* Pope :—

*"I cannot think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no less, in proportion, accountable for the ill use of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exercise of tyranny over their own species. The more entirely the inferior creation are subject to our power, the more answerable we should seem for our mismanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders these creatures incapable of receiving a recompence in another life, for their ill-treatment in this.*

*"In the life of Cato the censor, Plutarch takes occasion from the severe disposition of that man to observe, that it ought to be esteemed a happiness to mankind, that our humanity has so wide a sphere for exertion, that it may be extended through the whole order of creatures to all below us.*

*"It is certainly," adds he, "the part of a well-natured man to take care of his horses and dogs, even when their age has rendered them incapable of service; and for those animals that are neither of advantage or prejudicial to us, the enjoyment of life is that of what I think we ought not to deprive them."*—(Guardian, No. 61.)

*This sin of* cruelty to the brute creation, *cannot be too early impressed on the juvenile mind, since it has been repeatedly, (before Parliament, and elsewhere,) a theme for the eloquence of many eminent persons.*

*"Open thy mouth for the dumb, in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction: let them eat and drink and remember their misery no more."*—PROV. xxxi. 7, 8.

Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. The spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonour'd and defil'd in most
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them.—But, alas! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,
Than *Cruelty*, most dev'lish of them all.
Mercy to him that shews it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which Heav'n moves in pard'ning guilty man;
And he that shews none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn.——(COWPER.)

*It is hoped that this small production may assist in some degree in promoting the cause of humanity, by reminding the Reader of the duties of man to the brute*

*creation ;—which in the present day is not thought trifling or beneath the dignity of the pulpit ; the pen of the poet ; or the eloquence of the British senate—for it has been justly observed,*

Examples teach where precept fails,
And sermons are less read than tales.

*A certain facetious and delectable author of annual celebrity says, in his usual jocular manner, that it is no less glorious to reform peoples' manners, than to conquer provinces ;—that it is far greater charity to suppress vice, than to build hospitals ;—and that to produce these effects, it may happen that*

Wit and humour sometimes do prevail
When solid reason scarce can move the scale.

*How much of either may be exhibited in this narration, rests entirely on the opinion of the Reader ;—not having the presumption to allude to the quotation beyond its* general *application ; yet being a production of a diversified nature, like the annual performance of the said Author—" part serious—part comic,—part in verse,—and part in prose—part composed, and part compiled,—done, and (as he says) all very ingeniously put together and wonderfully adapted to all palates ;"—professing to have for its aim—*

——— amusement to impart
To form the manners, and correct the heart.

*EDWARD PECK.*

mitted a folly, to do three or four more, in order to hide, or make amends for it:—*Folly* is of the family of *lying*; to make good *one*, there is need of many others, and thus the revenue of imperfection arises from a great many follies let out at use. Some make an engagement with perverted notions, and thus when they have begun to entertain them, think themselves obliged in honour to continue, though in defiance of public opinion, and hence it happens that being taxed or rallied with beginning the folly, they submit to pass for naturals by perseverance, and make themselves more remarkable by the vanity of aiming to be thought constant to the system of conduct so tenaciously defended.

This, then, is what the world calls a *reasonable being*; i. e. a creature capable of finding, or making a reason for doing, or not doing any thing, as may best suit its inclination; and thus to exercise the great privilege he is endowed with, more especially that of independence of mind and indulgence of temper, so congenial to the spirit of a *true born Englishman*.

In the case of the subject of this brief memoir, whose time and talents were so peculiarly occupied—whose pursuits were so various and desultory;—whose company was courted by some, and loathed by others,—it certainly cannot be expected

that all should agree in uniformity of the opinion to be entertained of him; yet it may be affirmed without fear of denial that he kept his word inviolate in all his dealings, and rarely was known to speak vindictively or ill of any one, although in various transactions in pursuit of his objects, he was a very material sufferer by the arts of knavery practised against him.

UNQUALIFIED censure is not the object of this biographical sketch—social and domestic life and manners are what properly constitute the character of every man; and to delineate the deviations and peculiarities of action which distinguished Mr. Kettlewell from the common herd, is the only object of the writer, and in this sense only it is intended to speak of him to the intelligent reader.

FROM the many opportunities of observing and conversing with this very eccentric character, no one could have had a greater desire that, as the close of life drew nigh, he would have availed himself of the friendship and goodwill of those whose greatest pleasure would have been to see him enjoy the decencies and comforts so requisite at that period: but it cannot be denied that he was so excessively positive and bigotted to the course of action he had espoused, that all the art or rhetoric of man could not have induced him to a change.

It is not intended to give this little narrative the embellishments of a finished work, or to assume a character of greater importance than the attempt of drawing together a few leading memoranda of this extraordinary "Actor of all Work," and "Groom of the Chambers of Famine,"—therefore it is hoped the reader will be satisfied with the *melange* which is presented to his notice without set precision, in the shape of recollections and anecdotes, which shall possess at least the merit of fidelity as far as can possibly be ascertained from various sources, as error may be best avoided in the recital of recent transactions; or of such as fall within the memory and confirmation of living witnesses, whilst those are at hand. "To a Philosopher, no circumstance, however trifling, is too minute; he finds instruction and entertainment in occurrences which are passed over by the rest of mankind as low, trite, and indifferent; it is from the number of these particulars, which, to many, appear insignificant, that he is at last enabled to form general conclusions."

A hope is entertained that it may not be contemplated with indifference, but be looked upon as a striking picture of feelings perverted, and blindly operating against the principles of natural reason, from the mere predominance of self opinion.

# A SKETCH

OF THE

# Life and Eccentricities

OF THE LATE

## Mr. LUMLEY KETTLEWELL, &c.

"I will a plain unvarnish'd tale deliver."

On Monday evening, the 10th of January, 1820, this very remarkable character departed this life, after having been four months laid up by a hurt which he received by falling down the side of a flight of decayed stone steps, leading to the *lofty* apartment of a friend in the Pavement, to whom he was in the habit of resorting every evening until the accident, and with the further view of benefiting himself by the comfort of that fireside during the winter season, which he denied himself in his dilapidated dwelling in the suburbs of this City, into which no fuel of any description was (with one exception only) ever known to be carried by any but himself.

This had been his practice of late years; and to the house of Mr. R. Brown, Confectioner,

in Coney-street, he had had constant recourse for warmth and comfort, between the months of October and March, where he was seated by the side of the kitchen fire all the day, his cooking apparatus, of peculiar construction beside him, and at night he took his sleep, stretched out upon the hearth, or in the same easy chair, coiled up upon the cushion. At length his "retainers in fee" became so numerous, as to require a writ of habeas corpus; and it cannot be denied that he was a fostering parent and kind protector of the predatory tribe, whatever may be known or said of his treatment to the more noble class of animals, the horse, and other quadrupeds, of habits more congenial to the feelings of mankind.

At the time of his decease, he was in the 69th year of his age; of which the last forty years, *at least*, had been spent "disquieting himself in vain;" and though he heaped up no riches, yet he was wise enough in his generation, to let the property which he inherited by patrimony, go by right of descent, by leaving no Will behind him.

Upon the rents of this landed property he maintained existence in a very extraordinary manner, and expended his money in so lavish a way in the purchase of race horses, hunters, game dogs, and other varieties of the brute species,—at one period of early life the "gayest of the gay," and subsequently in exterior, loathsome to the sight—the persevering cruelty with which he treated the objects of his extravagant purchases, and the seeming self-mortification which he endured, all combine to excite a contrariety of feelings and sentiments

in the public mind—especially in and around the City of York; which was his constant place of residence, and to whose course of action the inhabitants were assuredly no strangers.

His manners were certainly very gentlemanly—in his conversation he shewed a superior mind, and the mildness of his general behaviour seldom failed to prepossess those who observed and conversed with him, with a disposition to palliate as much as possible the absurdities of this course of conduct so pertinaciously adhered to without deviation.

Though this is mentioned to his commendation, yet it cannot be concealed that if he was contended with in argument, he would shew an angry and splenetic temper, and would not bear the least contradiction without a shew of great acrimony and resentment.

"Stiff in opinion—often in the wrong."

I shall beg leave in one instance to reverse the order of narratives of this kind, by the introduction of the last scene of this "strange eventful history," which (as before stated) happened in a large room over the Old Excise Office in the Pavement. This building is extremely ancient and spacious, and is occupied in tenements, and as a twine spinner's loft, and entered by a flight of stone steps and massive stair gallery, in a court known by the name of Lady Peckett's Yard: the ground floor being occupied as shops, with fronts facing the Market Place.

The state of extreme decay of this old structure had caused the removal of the public

Office some time ago, and the ravages of time, having since that period been very materially assisted by pillage and neglect, the whole is mouldering fast away, especially those parts externally exposed.

This being the condition of the entrance flight in the month of September, 1819, which however wide and spacious, left a cavity on each side, formerly defended by a brick parapet, but now thrown down, Mr. Kettlewell had scarcely reached the first landing place, exploring his way in the dark up to the residence of his friend Smith, the Bookbinder, as usual, before he found himself precipitated into the right hand cavity, a fall of several feet, by the sudden shock and surprise of which his feeble frame was greatly shaken—added to which the loose stone on which he had either trodden or seized in his descent, had also fallen upon him, and hurt him severely. Being greatly stunned by this unexpected misfortune, he was assisted up by his friend, who happened to be near to the place he was approaching, where, by the application of oils, &c. to the bruises he had received, a relief might reasonably be expected in the course of time; for his knowledge of the various proper applications was certainly as great as any medical skill could introduce; (and by the way it may not be improper here to state, that had he turned his time and talents solely to the practice of Veterinary Surgery, he would have been a very serviceable member of society) so he depended solely on self for a cure, and most tenaciously adhered to his old habits of "ministering unto himself" in food as well as in physic.

He sat continually by a comfortable fire side in an apartment, where the assistance of Mrs. Smith and family, were undoubtedly of the greatest use. He had left at his forlorn place at Clementhorpe, tied up and confined, a fine setting dog, and a hen and chickens, which I believe were the last remnant of his live-stock there, which were dependent upon himself, and the remains of many others, who had there "departed this life," which *they* were upon the verge of doing when removed to the same quarters with their master, and by that means preserved. Some time having elapsed before they were thought of, the dog was dangerous to approach, and had it not been for a piece of dried fish, which was first thrown to him to allay the gnawings of hunger, it would have been extremely hazardous to the person who liberated him.

Mr. Kettlewell had not been long in this situation before those who interested themselves respecting him, paid him visits of condolence, for which he expressed himself highly obliged, and trusted in a speedy recovery. It was a droll sight to behold his figure from the night cap to the feet, set in an elbow chair, with the chickens perched upon his lap, and his great dog Ponto tied up to a space in the corner.

He was at all times his own tonsor, and *when he thought proper*, would reduce his redundancy of beard to something like a close stubble—"stiff as a shoebrush underneath his nose."

The idle vanities of life once past,
"To what condition may we come at last."

Thus matters continued with him until the 2d of November, when a report was brought to him, that his house had been entered by some villain, and no doubt thoroughly searched for an expected great booty. This alarmed him so much, that he instantly sent for his friend Mr. Richard Brown to accompany him there, late as it was, and extremely cold. This they performed; and after he had satisfied himself as to the extent of his loss, and brought away what he found had not been discovered by the plunderers, he turned his back for the last time, though unconsciously, on that spot which had been the scene and centre of many eccentric labours and toil, and the sepulchre of many a valuable animal, for the possession of which he had expended incredible sums of money, and infinite pains and trouble to procure, and so often been a dupe to the arts of the designing: and it was with the greatest difficulty, and all the support and assistance of his companion, that he was capable of reaching the place from whence he had come out, from the weakness of his frame, and his recent hurt; and which, together with the apprehension and certainty of his present loss in addition, no doubt contributed to retard or counteract the recovery with which he so much flattered himself.

It is reasonable to suppose, that to a thinking mind, impressed with these events which had so rapidly presented themselves, and formed (if the expression may be allowed) a climax of casualty, suffering, and injury, some review of its fruits might dart into the perceptive faculties, and induce a wish for the adoption of habits more conducive to human

comfort. And this I conclude to have been Mr. Kettlewell's intention, by proposing to the family where he now continued, to accompany him to his own dwelling place at Clementhorpe, which was to be by them previously cleaned up for their reception, with the double design of gratitude, and the benefit of those services which his advanced age and increasing infirmities most certainly required, especially as there was an apparent conformity in botanical and experimental pursuits. Besides, this seemed to be in correspondence with another set of ideas in his brain, for the adoption of which he had fixed on the period of seventy to begin a new course of regimen, and like Sir John Falstaff, "to purge and live cleanly like a gentleman:" for he frequently observed to Mr. Watkinson the Timber Merchant, to whom he seemed to impart his views and objects, that "nature at *that age* began to want the props of art;" and he appeared to chalk out in his mind a fanciful series of enjoyments which should fully repay him for the privations of his earlier years.

It may not be amiss to observe, that this kind of aerial castle building in all matters relating to "the things of this life," seemed to be the ignus fatuus which led him continually astray—scorning to be governed by the rules and maxims of common prudence, and still procrastinating the date of his meditated conformity thereto—unwilling to confess by surrendering himself to its governance, that he had ever been in the wrong.

With what force and serious conviction of the danger of this course, does Young in his

beautiful poem, the "Night Thoughts," express himself:—

> Procrastination is the thief of time;
> Year after year he steals till all are fled,
> And to the mercies of a moment, leaves
> The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

"O that men were wise, that they would consider these things before they were hid for ever from their eyes!"

But "man proposes, and God disposes," and the "years of his life were numbered;" the wintry days and nights passed away with this intention, until the turn of the year; the frost was keen, and the winds piercing cold; the bodies of old people are particularly susceptible of their effects, and this was the case with the subject of this story, who, whilst he flattered himself into the belief, that he should "live long and see good days," died without either pain or sickness, on the arm of his friend, unconscious of his approaching dissolution, he having assured those who seemed apprehensive of his state, *only a few moments before*, "that he had yet twenty years to live on the strength of a milk and vegetable diet." *

As soon afterwards as possible, the body was divested of those habiliments which had "seen some service," and like faithful friends, had adhered so closely to him: indeed they were in a great measure compelled thereto, being "held and firmly bound unto him" in bonds of leather as long as they should last. But this compact being now cancelled by the

* Vide Ecclesiasticus xi. 18, 19; Luke xii. 20.

rude operation of the knife, both parties were at liberty, and the disengaged remnants of shreds and patches, which had every thing in them, save warmth, were sent to regain that addition and purification by fire.

The old adage, that the "dearest friends must part," was here realised indeed, and it also may be added, that like the animated friends of Job, they were "miserable comforters." As for the other addenda to happiness which Job possessed—a wife, Mr. Kettlewell had always declared, that he was from his youth up of so cold a constitution, that he could never appreciate their utility. The Newspapers of the day announcing his decease, intimated the cause of his peculiar habits to be a disappointed affection. It certainly must be admitted, that from that cause hath sprung many an afflicting story, and has had great influence upon ardent feelings; but in this instance the conclusion is erroneous; for he was at all times too much of a Philosopher Square, to be any way affected by the sympathies of nature, and to the want of these *best affections*, it is more than probable sprung the course of conduct to that part of the brute creation which had the misfortune to fall within his power.

His relatives at various distances from the city were immediately apprised of this unexpected event, and as speedily as possible assembled to pay the last duties. In the interim the preparatory offices had been so well performed, that those of his acquaintance who visited the remains, generally and spontaneously declared, that he never before, in

all their knowledge of him, had looked so much like a gentleman as at this time; and departed with expressions of regret at the voluntary penance which he had inflicted upon himself for so long a series of years.

On the following Saturday morning his remains were interred in the burial ground of the Parish of St. Crux, attended by his most respectable relations, and some friends, who though disapproving many parts of his course of action, thought that so strong a mind as he undoubtedly possessed, entitled him to their assistance in the last office to humanity.

It is remarkable that by accidental circumstances, his *last home* was made in the same Parish where his *first* had been in this city, after an interval of nearly half a century.

> When watchful death shall on his harvest look,
> And see thee, ripe with age, invite the hook,
> He'll gently cut thy bending stalk, and thee
> Lay kindly in the grave—*his granary.*

Though Mr. Kettlewell was no strict observer of rites and ceremonies, yet he had certainly sacrificed a hecatomb previous to this event, and it is "devoutly to be wished," that a granary more amply stored than his own may await him.

AS in the cavern of some rifled den,
Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obscene;
Dark—doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave
That still for carrion carcasses doth crave.

Of Mr. Lumley Kettlewell's dwelling, at Clementhorpe (an external view of which place accompanies this narrative), no powers of the pen or pencil can convey to the mind of the reader an adequate conception at the time of its being cleaned out.

Let me thy comforts here explain,
Receptacle of wind and rain;
Chimney which never sent forth smoke;
Walls, plaister, doors, and windows broke:
And to improve thy dismal state,
Dung—dirt—and filth around thee wait.

The three small rooms of occupancy on the ground floor (those above being totally empty) had within them the most heterogeneous medley of decayed utensils of tin and copper, chemical apparatus, dried vegetables and plants; sacks, cords, and skins of animals; his scarlet hunting coat, and gay wearing apparel of other times, consumed by the moths and the rats; boots and shoes innumerable; phials, bottles, and broken pots, with compounds of physic and farriery; old iron and chains; broken jugs and jars; swords and sickles; old saddle, and leather straps in abundance; a crazy pallet, which once was flock, but now repaired with straw; one only stool, &c. all in such a state of corrosion, mould, and cobweb, strewed in heaps all over the floors, and crammed under

the stairs and into closets which had long ago lost their doors and shelves; the windows broken, and patched here and there; locks with keys alike unserviceable; stairs destroyed, and hand rails torn away; ranges dislodged, and mantle pieces gone; the rummaging of strangers had, no doubt, also contributed some additional graces to the beauty of arrangement in this most sweet and delectable residence, where the rats, being tenants of the adjoining stable, were busy intruders into all the rest.

Very early on the Monday morning after the funeral of the "head of the family," the dustmen were "put into a state of requisition," like pioneers, to clear the way into this Golgotha of animal suffering; where no less than nineteen skeletons were unearthed from the mass of ordure and fermented vegetable matter, in which they had been environed on every side. Above stairs were deposited the bones of a blood mare, and of her foal, which had been one of the great bargains of former times, and this the receipt in full.

The former possessor of this rural dwelling and its appurtenances was, at the period of his residence there, as remarkable for peculiarity as his successor, though their pursuits materially differed.

George Smith, who from a very humble origin had procured a competence abroad, and pretended to the character of an American Loyalist, in the contest between the Mother Country and her Colonies, came over to England to claim an allowance from the Government for his losses by that event. He married

a Yorkshire woman, and settled in this place; but whether he could not substantiate his claim, or from what other cause, is not now material, he returned to the United States of America, having previously disposed of this property to Mr. Kettlewell; who from motives of personal kindness accompanied him to Liverpool, on one of the two horses which Smith had purchased to take over with him to the land of his adoption and preference; nor did Mr. K. return until he had witnessed the embarkation of this trio; for as to his English helpmate, he left her as a legacy behind; and was most violent in his abuse of the British Ministry, because he probably discovered that they saw into his design of "quartering upon the enemy."

The cabin of the celebrated Dr. Jonathan Swift, when Vicar of Laracor, was "furnished in style" in comparison with this, which certainly formed the superlative degree of wretchedness in reality over any other *dulce domum* in the three kingdoms: * and though as has

* *Swift's Inventory of his Household Stuff.*

An oaken, broken, elbow-chair;
A caudle cup without an ear;
A batter'd, shatter'd ash bed-stead;
A box of deal without a lid;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
A back-sword poker, without point;
A pot that's crack'd across—around,
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock, without a key;
A wig, with hanging grown quite grey;
A curtain worn to half a stripe;
A pair of bellows without pipe;
A dish which might good meat afford once;
A Bible and an old Concordance;
A bottle bottom, wooden platter;
One is for meat, and one for water.
There likewise is a copper skillet;
Which runs as fast out as you fill it;
A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all;
And thus his household goods, you have all.

been shewn, he possessed neither "smoaky house nor scolding wife," yet the fleas sometimes found the place "too hot to hold em" from the carpet of quick-lime which he spread over the floor, and which "ever and anon kicked up a dust about their ears."

> One corner held his books in chest,
> And round the floor were strew'd the rest,
> That all things might be like himself,
> He'd neither closet, drawer, or shelf.

His Library consisted of a species of scrapeana, chiefly relating to domestic economy, and treatises on physic and farriery, with his own notes, receipts, and comments;—*but neither Bible nor Concordance.* A small MSS. Essay on Bugs was the only entire work, transcribed by his own hand from some Encyclopædia, with the mode of destroying them; but the "sovereign remedy" he overlooked both in theory and practice, which confessedly is condensed into a very small compass, viz. *cleanliness*—a most admirable specific for keeping them at a due distance.

> Such was the house within: but all without
> The barren ground was full of sturdy weeds,
> Which every wind had sowen all about,
> Now growen great, at first of little seeds;
> The seeds of negligence, and dirty deeds.
> Which when to ripeness due they growen are,
> Bring forth an infinite increase, that breeds
> Excesive trouble, and perpetual war
> Them to eradicate.....*Spenser.*

A narrow stripe of garden ground runs along the back of the row of tenements, of which he was the owner; and, like the vineyard of the sluggard, shewed abundant proofs of the taste of those who possessed it.

That portion of the building, which was the living tomb of all that entered there, and which was the theatre of his experimental philosophy, (I wish I could have added philanthropy) was divided into two, which communicated within, and "which served him for stable and kennel and all,"—gig shed and pigsty—a general depository. It had originally been two cottages, and entered by two front and one back door; and had lofts over them. He had once a cow-keeper for his tenant, for whose use a tiled shed was erected behind, from part of the garden. Into this shed, *when fresh air was desirable*, the objects of his kind attention and constant solicitude, were indulged with *occasional looks out into the pastures below:* and when the front door was thrown open to them, it was usually in the night, when their muscular powers might obtain the indulgence of a little play, and exercise the digestive faculty also in the "lanes and pastures green," to which he gently led them, so long as they possessed strength to endure so fatiguing an act of kindness on the part of their humane master, whose daily office it also was, with unremitting perseverance, to "provide for the wants of his household," by sallying forth, armed with weapons of war, to mow and cut down all before him.

Had you met him in any of those rambles of provident care, you would not assuredly have taken him for Marshal Suwarrow, although booted *a la Russ;* but rather for one of the disciples of Bampfield Moore Carew, whose rules, as to his costume, he most instinctively followed.

To those who knew him, his figure will remain upon recollection as long as life; but to those who did not, the following attempt to delineate him may, perhaps, be something "like the mark." Picture to yourself a small figure, of a very sallow complexion, about five feet two or three inches; walking on the stoop, with hands clenched within each other; or with a coarse hempen wallet, and cord under one arm, and a rusty sickle in his hand. His coat, "if such it might be called, which coat was not"—*a la spenser*, of colour much the same, or a sack of camp canvas, with holes for the arms; pantaloons and Hessian boots, dirty enough; a foraging cap or hat, much worse for wear, and slouched; hands, face, and skin in sight, which seemed to bid defiance to the soap-boiler, and which gave a *tout ensemble* of so dun a hue, that one might have indulged in the supposition that the Tanner, his neighbour, had allowed him to escape from his liquor vat, *sans ceremonie* from the Exciseman.

A cord in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was,
With th' one the whins he often did invade;
With th' other he his herbage did enwrap.
And what he could not take, he practis'd to entrap
——————————in secret shade.

Of grissly hue, and foul ill-favoured sight;
His face with smoke was tann'd, and eyes were blear'd;
His head and beard with dirt were ill bedight;
His coal black hands did seem to have been sear'd
In Smiths fire-spitting forge, and nails like claws appear'd,
Looking like lattice still before his face,
Thro' which he still did peep as forward he did pass.

See *Nature's* cobler, LUMLEY KETTLEWELL;
None but himself can be his parallel.

Those daily excursions into the environs of the city, were for the purpose of bringing to his home a load of mucilaginous or succulent plants, in this wallet or cord, for the maintenance of his live stock there.

The fruits of these labours were as various as the season which produced them—

> All the stores that Nature yields,
> In the meadows, woods, and fields,

were objects of his research and future dispensation, both in quality and quantity—

> And like the Bee with loaded thigh,
> You thus might see him passing by,
> With nimble foot and wary eye.

Many were the insults and abuse of the vulgar whom he met in these exploring rambles, and from none more than the haulers of vessels, on the banks of the river, and other voluble members of the same class of society, whose treatment of their own cattle might have taught them to "look at home," and to "take the beam out of their own eye."

Indeed, he became so notorious for the real or supposed infliction of torment on those animals, which were "subject unto him," as to become quite odious to "our sovereign judges, the mob," who occasionally expressed their opinion of him very freely in the streets, and more than once gave him "ocular demonstration" of their love of justice, and recorded the verdict "under their own hands," which

were borne about him for several days after: yet he never returned the compliment, by any appeal from their sentence.

An occurrence of this kind took place, in Skeldergate, on occasion of his conveying to his elysium a blood foal, newly dropt, which like a fawn he was carrying in his arms; when he was espied on his way, and compelled to deliver his captive charge, which he had some difficulty to recover from them.

He occasionally fell in with droll incidents, and others of a contrary nature, which he had humanity enough to relieve as the case required. How strange is this when compared with his conduct to the brute species!

One instance of a ludicrous kind confirms this (like the cat introduced into a room where a fine painting of dead game was placed within her spring and which she attempted to seize and carry off.)

A ragged mendicant on his way from York to the Palace of the Archbishop, chanced to meet Mr. Kettlewell in his foraging dress and bag well filled, in Bishopthorpe lane, returning homeward.

"Good day to ye, brother," says the Mumper.

"Same to you," returns Lumley.

"And is it a good day where you have been?" rejoins the beggar.

"Very much so indeed," replied Kettlewell.

"Is your bag well stowed with grub,

brother? and what shiners have ye got there, hey?"

Lumley, who by these questions, perceived that he was mistaken for one of the fraternity, cut short the dialogue by handing the beggar sixpence, which, when he had got hold of, "By the powers," says he, "it is a good day indeed if you can stand a tizzy out of what you've got; I must make haste lest too many come there before me. I suppose we shall meet in the evening at the lodging-house in Water-lane, hey?—or Walmgate, which?"

"Aye, aye," says Kettlewell, (making off,) "don't you doubt that."

"I'll stand a noggin or two then," bawls the fellow, and so hastened on in great expectation of his Grace's bounty, and a boozey night on his return to York with his brother collector, and member of the mumping fraternity.

But what more especially exhibited him as a champion of "courage, stout and bold," was the many encounters he engaged in with the nettles and whins, which never could resist the fell prowess of his mighty grasp and outstretched arm coated in leather, with an axe so keen, many an ass-load of which he cut for his winter stock and present consumption; true it is, indeed, that in these encounters, he would occasionally require the auxiliary forces of his high allies, the M'Lean's, Campbell's, &c. determined, like a second Joshua, to subdue as many of the tribes as should rise up against him—the which they carried away captive into Clemen-

thorpe, where they were given as a prey to the beasts of the field.

Yet, whether it arose from the fatigue which accompanied this constant purveyorship, or from an apprehension of the ill consequences of too free an indulgence in the great variety and richness of those saponaceous, aqueous, oleagenous, farinaceous, and succulent plants, herbs and roots, those substitutes for corn and hay; certain it is, that he was *rather sparing* in their application, and never was known to give an excessive quantum at once; perhaps, coinciding in opinion with the medical poet, Barnard, that—

> For one that dies of inanition,
> Twenty perish by repletion.

To which was added the labour of the operation of grinding these vegetable compounds, and which usually occupied his time from ten o'clock in the evening, till long past midnight, always in the dark; he then lay down upon his pallet of hay, and commonly was observed by the neighbours to be *feeding* his *live stock* about the hour of eleven in the forenoon, after which he locked up his doors, and sallied out in search of more provender. This was the constant course he pursued; he was never seen again until the return of night; and upon this one scanty meal per day did these unfortunate animals linger out their existence, until too weak to support themselves on their legs, they were suspended in slings, and were so found, stiff and motionless: after which, the flaying and disposing of the skeletons in some private hole, formed an agreeable variation to his usual diurnal duty.

It certainly conveys to the mind an image of a giant's den in a romance, bestrewed with the scattered and mangled limbs of those who were slain by his cruelty.

A man of kindness to his beast is kind;
But brutal actions shew a savage mind:
Remember, he who made thee, made the brute;
Who gave thee speech and reason, form'd him mute.
He can't complain; but *God's* omniscient eye
Beholds thy cruelty—he hears his cry.
He was design'd thy servant and thy drudge:
But know, that his Creator is thy Judge.

That any one endowed with reasoning faculties should suffer a number and succession of dear bought animals, which "had seen better days," to "go the way of all flesh," from such a course of treatment, and still persevere in the same to fresh supplies, most demonstrably proves a *partial mania* to exist, whilst the mind is seemingly guided by reason: and it must excite regret in every feeling breast, that Lord Erskine's Bill for the prevention and punishment of cruelty to the brute creation, did not pass into a law; for here would have been an instance properly cognizable under it, and it would at least, from fear of its penalties, have prevented the continuance of many shocking enormities of that kind after its enactment.

Much has been done since, however, to interest the minds of the public at large on this subject. An annual Sermon has been founded at Bath, and another at Southampton; a Society has been established at Liverpool for the express purpose of preventing cruelty to brute creatures; and it is also one of the objects of the Society for the Suppression of

Vice; several valuable works have likewise been published on the subject of the duty of mercy and sin of cruelty, all of which seem to be in perfect unison with the humane feelings of the British nation in general.

That gen'rous people, ever just and free,
Who spurn the galling chains of tyranny,
Whose greatest pleasure is in sympathy.

It is not sufficient in any case for the party to urge, that the animals *are his own, and that he may do what he pleases with them;* they are *not* his own: they are a *trust* committed to his care by the great Creator of all, who claims them as *His,* when he says, "All the beasts of the forest are mine, and so are the cattle upon a thousand hills; I know all the fowls upon the mountains, and the wild beasts of the field are in my sight:" and the man will have to *account* to *Him* for the care which he has taken, or the neglect to which he has subjected those under his dominion. Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this respect; and an Arabian author wrote a Treatise to shew how far a man, supposed to have subsisted in a desert island, without instruction, may by the pure light of nature, attain the knowledge of philosophy and virtue. One of the first things he makes him observe, is, the benevolence of Providence in the production and preservation of its creatures: in imitation of which the first act of virtue this self-taught philosopher would of course fall into, is to relieve and assist all around him in their wants and distresses.

Respecting the indispensable requisite to human existence, *Food*—the Almighty who

created all things, assigned at the beginning the proper sustenance to every creature, *richly* to be *enjoyed*. A provision of proper and wholesome food is, therefore the *right* of the beast, and not only a bare sufficiency, but a *liberal* supply, in imitation of the great Master, who "openeth his hand, and filleth all things living with plenteousness," and who giveth to all "their meat in due season."

The amiable philanthropist and Christian poet Cowper, speaking of the animal creation, says,

> The sum is this:—If man's convenience, health,
> Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims
> Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs,
> Else they are all, the meanest things that are,
> As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
> As God was free to make them at the first,
> *Who, in his sov'reign wisdom, made them all.*
> I would not enter on my list of friends
> (Tho' grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense,
> Yet wanting sensibility) the man
> Who needlessly sets his foot upon a worm.

It has been before observed that Mr. Kettlewell's labours for his live stock were always performed in the dark; and in the midnight stillness of the neighbourhood. No Alchymist in the early ages ever sought with more sedulous attention the discovery of the philosopher's stone or *aurum potabile*, than did this modern Dioscorides, for the essence of those vegetable compounds intended as succedaneum for the vulgar and expensive provender, called corn and hay—the success of the projectors was however wonderfully similar: they were always on the verge of the complete attainment of their darling object when lo the result?—The chemist was ruined,

and the animals died: their schemes evaporated in *fumo*, and like Shakespear's baseless fabric of a vision "left not a wreck behind."

It may be with great truth asserted, that with regard to himself he strictly adhered to the injunction, to take no thought for the morrow, either as to what he should eat or drink—or wherewith he should be clothed: the animal substances which he was in the habit of collecting from the shops of the poulterers, or other places of well known resort, were, like the provender of his cattle, compounded together, and stewed down in a digester, or vessel peculiarly adapted for their reception, by the operation of the fire of his neighbour.

The raspings of light rolls which he procured from various Bakers, was his "daily bread," into which he usually threw a few warm seeds, as carraway, or others to his fancy, eaten in conjunction with this precious gelatinous soup, alternately, and taken from a bladder with a horn spoon kept there, and which he carried in a budget made of a badger's skin, with the shaggy hair outwards, about his person, wherever he went.

Into this capacious receptacle which was made by himself for the purpose of an *omnium gatherum*, "all was fish that came to net."—Bones, sticks, coal, and whatever lay about, or attracted his notice in passing along.

This wallet slung over one shoulder had a very wide mouth which was closed under the other arm, and into which any thing picked up was instantly popped, and all notice avoided,

and his daily rambles were productive enough, no doubt (in his own opinion) to reward him for the trouble of collecting them together. And being in possession of a culinary utensil, called a *conjuror*, he could presently conjure up a gallimawfrey, either liquid or solid, to suit the purposes of the moment, without the impertinent intrusion of idle curiosity: and this was heated by the miscellaneous medley before mentioned, from his portable warehouse the badger's skin budget, which was every night emptied in a similar manner as the holsters of the redoubtable Hudibras.

At a sale of military stores and equipments, he had purchased a lot of camp canvas, and a number of canteens, which afterwards were applied to the purpose of obtaining the exudations of the birch trees; which having tapped, and fixed his receivers beneath as many as he had vessels for, he let them bleed freely during the season, and made periodical rounds to collect the produce, which was intended to furnish him with a home brewed beverage, of both nutritive and medicinal properties.

His daily haunts in the springs and covers had these and similar pursuits for their object, and each returning evening witnessed his diligent and laborious perseverance, and sedulous application to these self-imposed duties.

He was likewise in the habit of lopping the branches of the fraxinus or ash, which also produces a kind of fruit hanging in clusters, and which he denominated *chats*. These served him for provender for his cattle in general. His mode of gathering them was by driving

an ass, with panniers, in the night to the spot, and bringing the parts he wanted down by a hook fixed on a long pole, and those he reduced to the size of his receptacle. It often happened that he was taken in the fact, or met on his return by the early labourer to his great mortification, who naturally took the liberty of gratifying his curiosity by inquiring as to the contents of his storehouse:—if he made any reply (which was but sometimes the case) it usually was "Fraxinella;" which not being always quite intelligible to his auditor, required an explanation. "Why 'tis Fraxinella, ye fool ye," returns he peevishly, and so trudged on as fast as possible to avoid further disquisition; and this he deemed a capital pass to keep the vulgar in ignorance of this *most valuable production of nature*, for the purposes to which he applied it.

"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." By *life* we must not consider *existence* merely, but all the means of *subsistence* and *comfort;* and here we witness an instance of *seeming kindness*, in disturbing the economy of nature to bring about his fancied improvement. Could this arise from motives of humanity towards the dumb creatures under his controul? Certainly not; but only to make them subservient to his perverted and crude notions; and which, as in this case, is a signal instance of cruelty indeed.

The ass, which at this period was Mr. Kettlewell's burthen bearer, was a very fine grey one; on which he had fixed a longing

eye, whilst in the possession of its former owner; he obtained it for the price of three pounds, by the secret agency of a third person; for few were inclined to traffic with *him*, except those who made money their only object, and who thought he had too much of it.

In this purchase, however, the animal was worth the price, being young, large, in excellent condition, and of an extraordinary symmetry and figure. How soon, alas! was a change perceptible! Although the Ass is an animal which prefers the refuse, and more ordinary vegetables, yet arbitrary changes, short allowance, and deprivation of shelter, &c. must soon reduce the most patient, meek, and long-suffering creature proverbially known.

From the Spring till the fall of the leaf, a progressive decay was inevitable, and Mr. Kettlewell's mode of keeping was consistent enough to produce that effect.

The friend who had made the purchase for him, had occasion to go a journey to Leeds, in August; and thinking the animal quite powerful enough to carry him, requested the loan of it, which was granted. On going to the shed where it was stationed, which served the master also "for study, for stable, and all," he found the ass tied up to a ring in the wall, and to his greatest surprise, standing unsupported on a plank six feet long, and only one broad, under which was a cavity a yard deep and wide; so that the beast was kept in one constant position, without power to change or lay down, unless at the certainty of falling into the cavity beneath.

The youth approached the ring with a view to back her out, but was prevented by the considerate master, whose kindness induced him to feed it (as he said) before the morning journey. He then went, as was his usual mode, into the back ground, where grew sour grass and weeds, and drew a handful or two, which when offered, was most greedily devoured, as well as a similar quantum of this excellent astringent the fraxinus mentioned before; which being despatched, the animal was allowed to be liberated, with a special request and charge, that no more food might be given to it, until its return on the day following the next, from apprehension lest an overcharge should cause a nausea, and prevent it from travelling with ease and satisfaction to the rider; an injunction not quite so well performed as promised by the young gentleman, who having taken a trip for holiday recreation, communicated also some portion of the same pleasure to his fellow traveller, by filling up the cavity of the stomach with something rather more nutricious in common belief, than ash leaves and docks, previous to his return and re-delivery.

This system he invariably adopted, until the acquired provender, so laboriously collected, falling short as the winter approached, the ass was turned loose into the lanes, "*unhoused, unfed, neglected, there she lay,*" and finally made her exit by being drowned in the pond, at the foot of the mount called Old Bail Hill, having fallen down the descent from mere weakness, and the starvation of a rigid winter, and was from thence dragged forth by the boys at play, who were by the

owner, in exculpation of himself, accused of the murder from motives of wanton mischief.

In the same unmerciful manner, though somewhat different in treatment, and variation of torture, did the great brown *Maltese ass* go the way of all flesh, for which he had given no less a sum than forty guineas, after as much trouble taken to obtain him from Hull, as seemed to shew that his mind was solely and absolutely bent on its procuration.

A huge great beast it was, when it in length
Was stretched forth, that nigh fill'd all the place;
And seem'd at first of infinite great strength,
Formed alike for draught, or road, or chase,
Fiery and wild, and of a Maltese race.
Never let loose, but suffer'd deadly doole,
From whence the animal could not make flight;
Like every one that came within his school,
Whom he did starve to death—deceived like a fool.

It is impossible to convey to the mind of the feeling reader, any adequate conception of the inflictions of torment put in practice by this unnatural stoic in the privacy of his habits, and the solitude of his wretched domicile.

Any kind of incongruous medley of provender, however rough and strange they were, he expected them to relish—as to how they were to thrive, that seemed to be no part of his study, or to claim any share of his solicitude—"*down their throats these crudities must go, that's poz,*" seems to have been his ruling passion; with the further indifference that "if they did *not like 'em they might leave 'em;*" and betake themselves into another state of being as soon as possible, totally regardless of their cost or value, if kept as nature and prudence required.

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave—
Burning for food—bony, and gaunt, and grim.

With such extreme avidity did this monstrous beast snatch the scanty morsels handed to his jaws by this sparing economist of a master, that his fingers were bitten severely by the indignant prisoner; and on another occasion, having approached him too nearly or unguardedly, the animal got him down before him, knelt upon him, and would most certainly have "made a meal of him," had it not (fortunately for him) happened that the workmen of the adjacent tan-yard heard his cries, and sallied forth to his rescue; which they with difficulty effected—such was the rage of the sufferer towards his unrelenting and unceasing tormentor.

Altho' with iron chain he did him bind,
And ropes and knots that did him sore constrain;
Yet his strong tusky teeth he still did grind,
And grimly gnash, threat'ning revenge in vain;
His burning eyes whom bloody strakes did stain,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparks of fire;
And more for rank despight, than for great pain,
Shak'd his long locks, colour'd like copper wire;
And bit his iron chain, to shew his raging ire.

Mr. KETTLEWELL was no sooner extricated from the imminent hazard of being taken for breakfast by this colossal Jackass, than *his* ire was excited in his turn and which nothing could restrain—Mr. Dale, Grocer, happened to be one of the party present at this conflict, and to whose efforts with others, it was owing that he ever had a chance to return the compliment in any manner; but however, nothing could dissuade him, or turn his revenge from the destruction of the animal.

His riven raiment all was stain'd with blood,
Which he had lost—and all to rags was rent:
His unadvised rashness waxed wood;
For of his hands he had no government
Nor cared he for blood in his avengement;
Yet when the furious fit was overpast,
His cruel facts he never would repent;
Oh wilful man, he never would forecast,
How many mischiefs should ensue this direful waste.

Full many mischiefs follow cruel wrath,
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife;
Unmanly murther, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despight with rancours rusty knife;
And pining grief the enemy of life.

THESE instances of a "spirit above slavery" were not to be endured in a government so absolute and despotic as Mr. K.'s, whose maxims of polity were in diametrical opposition to those of the wise King of Israel, and indeed with the whole book in which the history of that King's reign is recorded; instead, therefore, of letting him "eat and drink, and remember his misery no longer," he no longer allowed him either meat or drink; and further, to increase the sufferings of the brute, he half strangled him, by driving a staple into the rafter above his head, and drawing a rope through it, suspended him until the fore legs

scarcely touched the ground beneath him, and thus left him to linger in torment; but the weight and struggles of the animal having emancipated him from this species of thraldom, he belaboured him most unmercifully with a dung-fork, and then impaled his jaws between the prongs which he placed upwards, and thus left him to linger away the small remains of animation yet left, and quitted the place in order "not to see him want;"—but not so the neighbours, whose hearts were rent by the moanings of the poor deserted creature, nor did they subside entirely for three or four days, but gradually dying away, soon bespoke that he had gone to "that bourn from whence no traveller or ass returns."

This consummation devoutly wished by the owner having taken place, he returned to take upon himself the agreeable duty of removal, but this habeas corpus proving too mighty a task, he was under the necessity of covering him over in the place where he died; and he was there dug out at the clearing of this charnel-house of animal misery, along with eighteen other skeletons, most of them exhibiting the shackles by which they were tethered to their respective stations; some by chains, others by cords, but all fast to the spot, except the moisture of the ground had corroded or severed their fastenings.

It will here be in place to observe, that whenever any of his animals disappeared, and were enquired after, they were sure to be reported as being sent off to the farm; in short, to go to his tenants, was a bye-word for eternal transportation.

Often indeed was this extraordinary humorist, and sworn foe to humane feelings, most plenteously greeted by the shrill pipes of the females in his immediate neighbourhood—whose larums about his ears rung the passing bell of those martyrs to experimental philosophy and stoical apathy.

> Loud menaces were heard, and foul disgrace,
> And bawling infamy in language base;
> Till sense was lost in sound, and clamour fill'd the place.

Yet it continued to be as Peeping Tom says, "All lost upon Maud," the work of destruction went on upon the same scale, and

> There was the murder'd corpse in covert laid,
> And ling'ring death in all its forms display'd.
> Until the place was clear'd, a ghastly sight,
> And works of hidden darkness brought to light.

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An aged woman, who for many years past has carried on the business of a poulterer in York; or as it is familiarly termed, "a chicken butcher," was Mr. Kettlewell's principal dependence for "guts and garbage," the entrails, heads, feet, and other offals of fowls, ducks, &c. &c. in return for which he acted the part of an accomptant, or scribe, by making out her notes, and other memoranda; and this place may be termed not unaptly his town residence, to which all letters, summons, or other matters were directed to be addressed, or left for him. Thus in unfavourable weather for rambles abroad, he fixed himself in a fireside station, in Mrs. Elizabeth Tyne's front parlour and shop in High Jubbergate, which certainly possessed almost as many attractive accommodations for comfort and cleanliness

as his own beautiful country box at Clementhorpe. Here it was that he gave audience to those who might have *found perchance* a valuable dog, or any other rare animal, worthy of *his* notice, purchase, and future appropriation.

It was not unusual for girls astray to find other *lost creatures* astray also—and this old established warehouse for feathered fowl being very well known, as Mr. L. Kettlewell's presence chamber, and being also pretty near to several *rookeries*, where "birds of a feather flock together," all of which knew him perfectly well as an amateur of a taste rather singular in the animal line, so that when the tender mercies of those fair Hebe's were exercised by consigning their spoil to his fostering protection and care—all parties, if we except the victim, had great reason to be satisfied with the bargain. The last of which was his remarkable fine Setter mentioned before, which was bought in this manner for five shillings. The idle boys also offered him *their* choice collections; and in fact those he "*kept in training*," became as well acquainted as their master with this slaughter-house; but not being quite so well bred as himself, would often cast a "longing ling'ring look behind," upon Mrs. Tyne's plump hollow ware; which appeared to her so ominous and expressive that he was required to keep them at rather a more humble distance in future.

Although Mr. Kettlewell was no foxhunter, yet he kept one *to tame*—chained up in his menagerie; to be sure he had the length of his tether, and so had chanticleer his near neighbour in the same roosting ken; indeed

the strangest anomalies that could well be imagined, were here obliged "*under existing circumstances,*" to be quiescent though sore against their will. Purveying for these and other hungry curs and animals at home, formed his plea for gathering up the feet of rabbits in the market place, which are cast away by the dealers on casing them for purchasers; and the olio so provided was by the operation of the digester, made digestible to the stomachs of Mr. Kettlewell and his dependents.

In the catalogue of absurdities which characterised Mr. Kettlewell, it is not the least remarkable that for several years he had ceased entirely to ride any of the horses he so purchased at high prices, and kept in a state as previously described; his attention being devoted solely to the attainment and certainty of super-excellence by crossing the breed, (as he termed it) though when the genial season arrived there was always some difficulty started to frustrate it. "Another, and another still succeeds, and every one as barren as the former."

But now we talk of mounting steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to say something
Of that which last he set his rump on.
There is no need to say what lack
Of belly timber—ridge of back.
When he bestrode her, without pad,
(That being rotten which he had)
Her strutting ribs on both sides show'd,
Like furrows he himself had plowed:
For underneath his skirt of flannel,
'Twixt ev'ry two, there was a channel.

The last unfortunate animal, upon which it is in recollection that he was observed to

be mounted, was a fine mare of very considerable value, had she had the proper sustenance and attention which nature required, bestowed upon her. But such was her extreme state of weakness on the occasion alluded to above, that two men with a long rail were obliged to support her "upon all fours," until the requisite marital rites were performed in a field adjacent to this great dealers magnificent chateau, magazine and emporium, on the banks of the Ouse; but where those articles of merchandise were not *exposed to sale* for *exportation*, but rather kept on hand *for home consumption* by *private* contract: and it is much to be regretted indeed, that Lord Erskine, or some equally learned and humane Lord in *equity* and *law* too, had not obtained the power to have been a third party in this sort of bargain making, in which one only of the contracting parties alone had all his own way; and I cannot refuse myself the gratification of thinking, that had a certain "friend to equal rights" ycleped JUSTICE, been of that party also, she would have *seen clear enough* the necessity of the merchants' *exporting himself*, in order to avoid a very unceremonious recommendation, resembling it very much, by the advice of twelve honest friends to humanity, could as many have been found. However, since he is gone to *take his trial* in the Court above, before a most impartial Judge, where he will receive a sentence commensurate to the offence, "according to the evidence," we will hope that this public recital extensively circulated, and perused with the attention which the subject demands, may at least be the means of preventing similar atrocities, and thereby of averting the just retribution, which the great

day of account will most assuredly demand from the violators of *His* most holy laws.

"He hath shewed thee O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

Mr. Kettlewell was, indeed, but "a feather weight," in the jockey's phrase; yet, as his stud had, *after a time*, more blood than flesh, both the rider and themselves were a type like that in the Book of Revelations, and would have cut a distinguished figure in Holbein's famous Dance of Death.

In order to acquaint the reader with the *finale* of this last-mentioned animal, it is necessary to observe, that she was the only one he ever took to grass, which he engaged on the Nun-Ings of Clementhorpe, from Mr. Watkinson; but from the period of withdrawing her from thence, until the time of dropping her foal, she had been so totally neglected all the winter months, that they both fell a sacrifice on that occasion; and the two skeletons were taken after his decease from an upper chamber of his dwelling, where he had taken the labour and trouble to deposit them in secret: and *they* likewise had *gone into the country*, according to custom, as all the others had done before them.

Being thus dismounted by his own neglect, he became ever after "a humble pedestrian," and there might likewise be still further mo-

tives, in addition, to induce him to relinquish the sports of his youth: amongst others I must not forget the Tax-gatherers; a tribe for whom Mr. Kettlewell entertained no great partiality, and therefore declined the honour of their visitations and notice in their muster roll.

He frequently introduced this distich in conversation:—

> The heav'n born pilot William Pitt,
> Has not got money enough yet;
> But spins his life out in contriving,
> To hinder honest men from thriving.

Whether this system received any alteration after that event, which deprived the nation of that great statesman, is only partially determined; yet certain it is with respect to Mr. Kettlewell,

"He ne'er bestrode a beast again."

He was one of the most easy landlords in common life that probably a tenant ever had the good fortune to farm under; for he neither raised the rent, disturbed them in the possession, or found fault with their management: insomuch so, that the envy of neighbours was excited, and sinister applications made to him under various pretences, at a great augmentation of rent proposed by themselves. But those advances he with much asperity rejected, reproved the attempt, and dismissed the party, highly ashamed of their proceedings, after exposing them to the unsuspecting occupier face to face, by causing an appointment with him at the same time, when they all met to the dismay of the pro-

jector of the scheme. Yet there is also another cause assigned for this refusal, which not unlikely might add some weight to his determination, viz. that whenever any very tempting purchase was to be made; such, for instance, as a reputedly famous horse, or other animal thrown in his way, and by which he was *sure and certain to gain a great deal of money*, his friend on the farm was the man with the ready: and as it generally fell out, that no time was to be lost in the attainment of this golden tide of fortune to be taken at the flow, this proved a source of great indulgence and accommodation, so that "one good turn deserved another;" as the day of reckoning remained at some considerable distance under the load of such *weighty* obligation, and as most of these speculations on bottom, turned out deceptive and visionary, they added greatly to the sinking fund of his exchequer.

The noble horse, the faithful dog,
Lay sunk within the frightful bog,
And all the profit then to win,
Was from the bones to flay the skin,
For what, alas! is fleeting breath,
When choak'd with whins, or starv'd to death.

The inference is, therefore, certain and clear, that the tenant was conscious he was so secure in his holding, as to be quite as much at ease in his possession as the landlord could make him, or himself desire; and this is also a convincing proof of the old adage, that "a ploughman on his legs stands higher than a gentleman on his knees."

Indeed so little did the exterior of the landlord correspond with the claim, on his

first visit to this farm, that the Mistress of the house, to whom his person was unknown, refused him admittance, and looked upon him with a very suspicious eye, until the appearance of her husband, who was called from the fields to prove his identity.

After that time, however, the "fatted calf" was always presented in some shape or other whenever this queer looking representative of the story alluded to, made his appearance amongst them at Sherborn; and Mr. William Standwich the occupier of this Farm of forty acres of excellent land, had been, at the time of Mr. Kettlewell's decease, upwards of forty years his tenant, at a rent not exceeding twenty shillings an acre, with good farm buildings and offices attached: doubtless he might have been placed on that event in the character of chief mourner with great propriety, having "that within which passeth shew."

The other estate, of which he was Lord of the Manor, is situate in the North Riding, and was occupied as tenants by the family of a sister, whom grief for his loss brought to York, previous to the funeral; but finding out that no will was forthcoming, returned again, and left the "dead to bury the dead."

Mr. Kettlewell used to be particularly attached to, and pleased with the attentions paid to him by members of the MERCHANTS' COMPANY, of the City of York, in whose muster roll, exceeding one hundred in number, time had promoted him to the seniority (save two:) their half-yearly Courts on Dinner Days

he never missed, and seldom was absent on the assemblages of the Court of Assistants. The dress, which on these occasions he usually wore, was the most grotesque imaginable, and far excelled any thing of the *picturesque* caracatura of the famous Doctor Syntax; howsoever highly wrought and finished off; sometimes in "the pink of the mode," of the day in which his clothes were cut, a rich silk waistcoat, which he very much delighted in, and it highly flattered him to have it admired. But with this it must be observed, that the colour of his linen neckcloth (which he always purified and re-coloured with pipe-clay, and which he argued made them much warmer, as well as being a preservative to the cloth) exhibited near it, carried such a contrast as a saffron bag conveys to the mind. Indeed his skin bore a greater resemblance still, and his under drapery well corresponded in affinity to the rest. It was in fact, as Dr. Johnson expresses it, "the violence of an effort against habit, impelled by external motives, and which cannot stop at the middle point, *i. e.* propriety."

In the winter and spring attendances of Mr. Kettlewell at this ancient Hall, this dress so gay was laid aside, and changed for a wide sleeved fur wrapping coat, with the hair outward, which he had picked up accidentally in his rambles, and bought of a sailor returned from Greenland: and in this immense volume of shaggy hair, would he sit muffled up to his nose.

> Clothed in ragged weed,
> Made of bear's skin, that him more frightful made,
> Yet his own face was squallid, nor did need
> Strange horror to deform his grisly shade.

During the transactions and proceedings of the Court he seldom or never uttered a word, except it was to answer inquiries of "the olden time." Nor did he appear to take any seeming interest therein, until the adjournment to the Tavern, to partake of the usual refreshment on these occasions. There he was always liberal in paying his quota, and temperate in his wine; and the quaintness of his remarks, as well as the general oddity of his appearance, caused some of the jocular members of the Company to distinguish him by the appellation of the Siberian Ambassador, sent for the interest of trade and commerce between the two countries.

Certain it is, however, that had Lumley Kettlewell, Esq. Merchant, been presented in this appropriate costume, at the Court Royal, he could not have failed to attract the notice of *Royalty* (as a pattern) and who probably might have dubbed him (by a box on the ear) a Knight of Windsor, and rat-catcher to the household; then might it truly have been said of him, as of Hudibras, that

> A wight he was, whose very sight wou'd
> Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,

excelled by none, either of the Polar Star, or any other bright star in the tail of either Ursa, or in any part of the courtly galaxy, and who have

> Quitted the road where truth and sense is,
> To share in other influences;
> Leapt from their just and proper spheres,
> To be made Bishops, Knights, and Peers:

Each other striving to excel,
Why not Sir Lumley Kettlewell?
For he great knowledge had, no doubt,
Nor was he loath to set it out;
So he by being "wond'rous wise,"
Should also to advancement rise.
For he could lay both trap and gin,
For rats to run their own heads in,
Who came on purpose to be taken,
Without the charge of meal or bacon.
He would on cheaper terms ensure 'em,
Than Franklin could himself procure 'em;
By bills, or balls in foot of stocking,
Or sending wildfire in so shocking;
These blunt conductors to explosion,
When simple rats had got their nose in;
Invited there to take a share in
Thick candle-ends and fat cheese-paring.
All in the dark—when got together,
And then exposed to wind and weather,
To pitfalls, and the dire mishap
Of hempen, or of iron trap.

But "when the well-set table cheer'd the sight," on the half-yearly feast days of the company, in their own spacious antique banqueting room, none were more "merry in the Hall when beards wagg'd all," than our spruce bachelor of sixty-eight, who was a first-rate performer on an up-heaped plate, and handled his arms most dexterously with knife, fork, and spoon. Taste, to be sure, is an undefined term; and the younger brethren of the party who happened to sit near him, had usually a high treat in observing *his* taste in taking his dinner: they would pile upon his plate with the most officious kindness, an incongruous medley, by special recommendation, which he would

———together devour
Sweet, sav'ry, and sour,
Plum-pudding, and mustard,
Pig, currants, and custard,
Duck, partridge, and bustard.

All which he took in good part, and whatever was offered without the least scruple, hesitation, or objection to these friendly attentions.

> When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,
> And finds no relish in the sweetest meat;
> They give him something bitter, something sour,
> The stomach sated, still he longs for more.
> From a close bottle drinks a spurious wine,
> And keeps the other which is genuine;
> Until the stomach cramm'd from every dish,
> A tomb of boil'd and roast, of flesh and fish,
> Ragout and game, sweet-pudding, acid, jar,
> And all the man is one intestine war;
> 'Till sick and loaded, lo, this constant guest,
> Takes his departure from the Merchants' feast;
> And carries off in pockets' ample room,
> What shall sustain him for a month to come.

The jokes and gibes of the circle around him on these occasions, (a species of whittling, as it is termed,) were levelled incessantly at his peculiarities, cruelty to his animals, and train of reasoning, so long as he continued amongst them; those frequently excited his spleen, over which, however, he kept great command. "Ye fool ye," was a frequent expletive of his, and shewed his inward anger. When he was asked in an ironical manner, to account philosophically for this or that, he would often retort, by a repetition of the question, as "How d'ye account for that, Mr. Kettlewell? ha, ye fool ye; how d'ye account for your being a fool? ye fool ye."

"Now pray, Mr. Kettlewell, do let us settle that accompt between us, for the East-India wind we imported jointly last year."

"East-India wind, ye fool ye, ha."

"Yes; the ten carboys, you know, that you sold for Sadler's balloon, I believe never paid the duty, and you'll get me into the Exchequer, as sure as we are here."

"Exchequer, ye fool ye, ha; you're fitter for bedlam, with your wind, and your nonsense, ha."

"You had my share of the cost price, and now you withhold the balance; however I think it high time to *wind up* the speculation, and share the profit: though if cash is not quite convenient at present, I'll take a *long-winded* bill of your's upon your old friend *North Wind*, which will give you breathing time.—I suppose he still remains in Terra Firma?

"I've no property of your's, nor ever had, ye fool ye."

Nay, Mr. Kettlewell, I protest I have no intention to post you behind the ledger; only, you know, "short reckonings make long friends." But come, Sir, if I don't say to please you, you always sing to please me; now do us the favour of that droll song, which never fails to please every body that hears you sing it."

"Silence for Mr. Kettlewell's song, Mr. Governor."—He was not tardy, so then he'd sing

"A country lass so blithe and bonny,"
Or tip them a stave of his "Jing'ling Johnny."

The company joined in chorus, and the old man regained his temper and good-humour

once more.—It was also an invariable rule with him to pay down to the provider of the entertainment half-a-crown, to be distributed in ale to the poor people of the Hospital belonging to the Company, whom he usually denominated his "darlings;" still forgetting his *darlings* at Clementhorpe.

A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pierean spring;
For shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
But drinking largely sobers us again.

Although it must be admitted that Mr. Kettlewell was a person of some reading and accuteness, yet "respecting this world, or the world that's to come, by puzzling his pate, he was never the nigher," as he took for his guides such doctors in divinity as *Volney*, *Rousseau*, *Voltaire*, and *Tom Paine*; "the effusions of hard and stupid hearts that mistake their own restlessness for the activity of genius, and their captiousness for sagacity of understanding;" and every scrap and crudity of that school passed with him for irrefragable. Like the Hudibras of Butler,

He knew the seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies;
And weave fine cobwebs fit for scull,
That's empty when the moon's at full;
Such as take lodgings in a head,
That's to be let unfurnished—
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice.
A lib'ral art that costs no pains,
Of study, industry, or brains,—
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too:
For as of vagabonds we say,
That they are ne'er beside their way;
Whate'er was said by this new light,
Was sure to be correct and right.

"If we look into the characters of this tribe of Infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil, it is indeed no wonder, that men, who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the world; for my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of—and such as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought: we find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded by an immensity of love and mercy; in short we depend upon a being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us this happiness to all eternity."—*Spectator, No.* 381. *

His political principles (if indeed they could be stiled such,) were in perfect unison

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* I beg to recommend to the reader the perusal of the whole paper from which the above is an extract, as well as to an attentive reflection on the 45th chap. of Isaiah, from verse 5, to the end—as illustrative of the Being and perfections of the great Jehovah, from what he has been pleased to discover to us, for the purpose of humble obedience and dependence upon himself.

Thy wisdom and thy knowledge (saith the Almighty,) hath perverted thee and thou hast said in thine heart, *I am*, and none else besides me.

Therefore shall evil come upon thee, thou shalt not know from whence it riseth; and mischief shall fall upon thee, thou shalt not be able to put it off; and desolation shall come upon thee suddenly which thou shalt not know.

Stand now with the multitude of thy inventions, if so be thou shalt be able to profit: if so be thou mayest prevail.

Thou art wearied in the multitude of thy counsels: thus shall they be with whom thou hast laboured.—*Isaiah* xlvii. 10—15.

with his theological opinions; his sentiments on the government of both worlds were peculiar to himself:—

> For ev'ry why he had a wherefore,
> And was a politician therefore;
> Knew more than forty of them do;
> Read *Paine*, and thought his maxims true;
> He *Volney* understood by rote,
> And as occasion serv'd would quote;
> He could deep mysteries unriddle,
> As quick as taylor threads a needle.

"Order is Heaven's first law," as the poet expresses; but this ancient disciple of modern liberty and equality, had nearly the same ideas respecting the principles of social order, as he had of management in private life or of animal sufferings; his dominion over "beasts of the field" was a rule of tyranny far greater than ever was known before; from which they never were released, until taken into the possession of the grim king of terrors, whose commission is to take every thing to himself—but whose yoke was far more easy than that of their inhuman task-master and proprietor on this side the grave.

It may be said of him that the powers of an ardent mind were under a species of misguidance; his pursuits and the wanderings of his imagination were adapted to the life of a solitary, in a state of perfect seclusion from the usages and comforts of society: a melancholy man in short, dissatisfied with every thing as it is, and intent only on finding out expedients to alter the established course of nature and ordinary consumption for its support, yet driven

from one scheme to another by the most convincing proofs of the fallacy of his favourite theories.

This course of action exhibited a mind which seemed to retrograde from civilization to the state of predatory warfare, adopted by the hunting savage of the new world, whose life is spent in the chase, or in projects of subtilty for taking his game; a voluntary *Crusoe*, in fine, depriving himself of the benefits arising from cleanliness, from the consolations of religion, and from the good offices of his fellow-creatures.

May this man's failings operate on the mind of the reader, and lead him to see how fallible is human reason, when left solely to the guidance of self opinion; may it likewise teach us in whatsoever station of life we are placed, therewith to be content; to perform the duties required of us with decency; and support the rank we are destined to fill in society with respectability, and in conformity with its rules, practices, and salutary restraints; to depend with submission on a power superior to our own, or "*to this condition must we come at last.*"

A quotation from the celebrated Lord Lyttleton's Dialogues of the Dead, shall conclude this portion of the Narrative:—

"When we arrogantly presume on a strength we have not, we are always in great danger of hurting ourselves, or at least of deserving ridicule and contempt, by vain and

idle efforts: it is good, therefore, for human nature to know its own weakness."

SAY why was man so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation? Why ordain'd
Thro' life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that th' Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal pow'rs,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice;—to exalt
His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds;
To shake each partial purpose from his breast;
And thro' the mists of passion and of sense,
And thro' the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfalt'ring,—while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
Th' applauding smile of heav'n?———
———————For from the birth
Of mortal man, the Sov'reign Maker said,
That not in humble or in brief delight,
Nor in the fading echo's of renown,
Powers purple robes, or pleasure's flow'ry lap,
The soul should find enjoyment; but from these,
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Thro' all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.
———————There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal.....*Akenside.*

*The Publisher begs leave most respectfully to observe that from a wish to draw the attention of the reader to some reflections on this curious career, the subject will divide into two unequal parts, and be finished in the second Number, the interval of which time will be filled up in finishing an engraving of the dwelling-place, and some other additions, for the completion of the story; with a List of his BLOOD HORSES and MARES, &c. and the prices given for them by their last Possessor, together with further particulars of his Biography.*

York, *April* 10*th*, 1821.

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